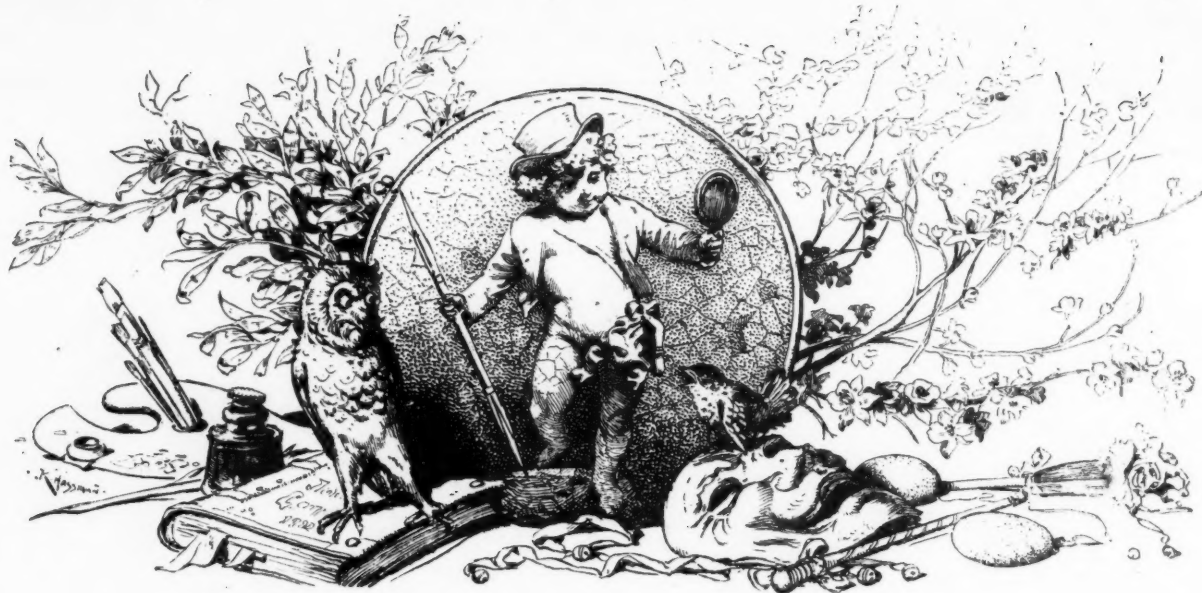


PUCK



HARVEST NUMBER



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
 295-299 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
 No. 1801. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1911.
 A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

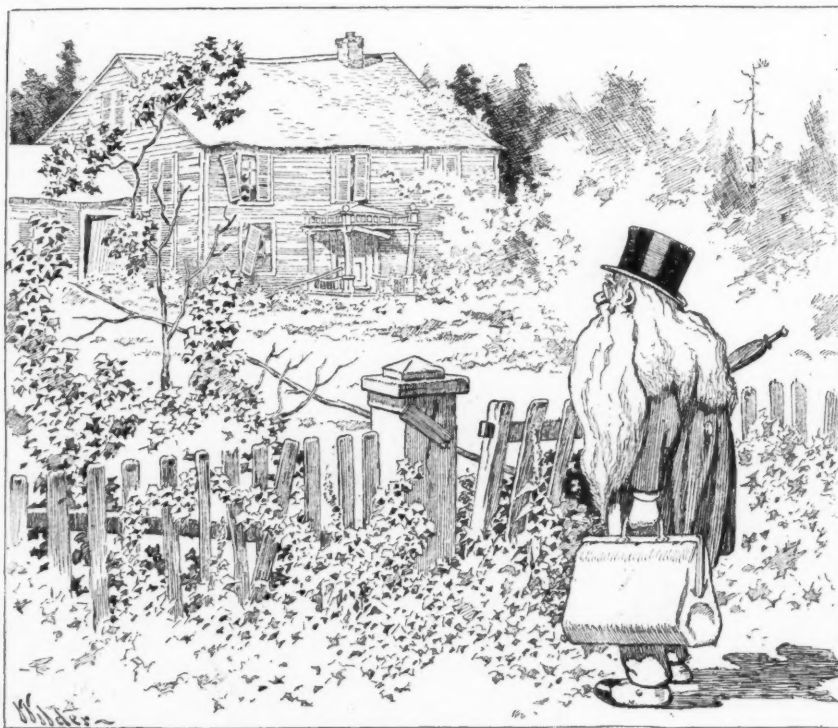
Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.
 \$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
 Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

WE WILL NOW LISTEN TO THE BOARD. **W**HEN a thing is started, and it is generally conceded to be a good thing, there is wisdom in the maxim, "Push it along." To take the tariff out of politics has long been the aim of a number of persons, more or less influential, but just how to take it out of politics was for a long while in doubt. Incidentally there is still some doubt about it, but during the past year a step was made in the right direction, and that step was the creation of the Tariff Board. The Tariff Board, for which President TAFT stands sponsor, is to look at the various schedules through something else than the glasses of partisanship, and in recommending revisions is to be influenced by something else than contributions to campaign funds. That at least is the theory. The practice remains to be seen, and it is President TAFT's intention, as expressed in his various vetoes of Democratic tariff bills, to give the Tariff Board a chance to show of what stuff it is made. A Republican administration authorized the Tariff Board; but so impartial is the latter expected to be that this fact is not to influence the members when they come to offer to Congress their recommendations. The men who comprise the Tariff Board are tariff experts; as expert as Senator ALDRICH, it is said, but without the latter's well-known weakness for High Protection. They will give to the country, when their initial investigations are complete, something decidedly novel; namely, an official statement of the relation of a group of tariff

schedules to the present-day needs of this or that industry; a statement inspired by neither Democratic nor Republican platforms or campaign oratory. That is worth getting. Judged solely as an experiment, it is worth waiting for. The tariff has been an issue for years and decades, but up to the present time there never was a chance of getting officially, and from high-class men, out of the politician class, information that did not bear the stamp of some interested persons "higher up." Critics of the Tariff Board have jeered at it, as a means of taking the tariff out of politics, because its sole function is to recommend; to suggest to Congress merely what ought to be done in the way of revision; but while it is true that the Tariff

Board's reports are primarily for the Senate and the House of Representatives, in the largest sense they are for the American people. The fullest and broadest publicity must be given to the Board's findings if the plan is to be of any practical value. Congress, if left alone, will take the Board's rulings and in all probability play havoc with them, ignoring recommendations and compromising with facts. Congress, in other words, will always be what it is now: a body subject to outside influences and, in the matter of the tariff, particularly sensitive. Congress, in other words, cannot be taken out of politics, but if the Tariff Board gets the public confidence, and the reports of the Board, no matter whom they hit, are spread before the American people in the newspapers the same as a President's message, nobody need worry because the Tariff Board has the power only to "recommend." The Board will recommend, and if the people are convinced that the recommendations should be enacted into law, the irresistible force of public opinion will bring Congress to time in short order. There are political bosses and there are financial bosses, more or less successful in making Congress walk a chalk-line; but more powerful than either of these, when it is headed right and gains momentum, is Public Opinion. Once it decides to go into the bossing business, it makes other bosses look very small and cheap. If President TAFT can enlist the support of Boss Public Opinion for his Tariff Board, as he did for Canadian Reciprocity, the cause of Tariff Reform will get a boost that will be worth while.



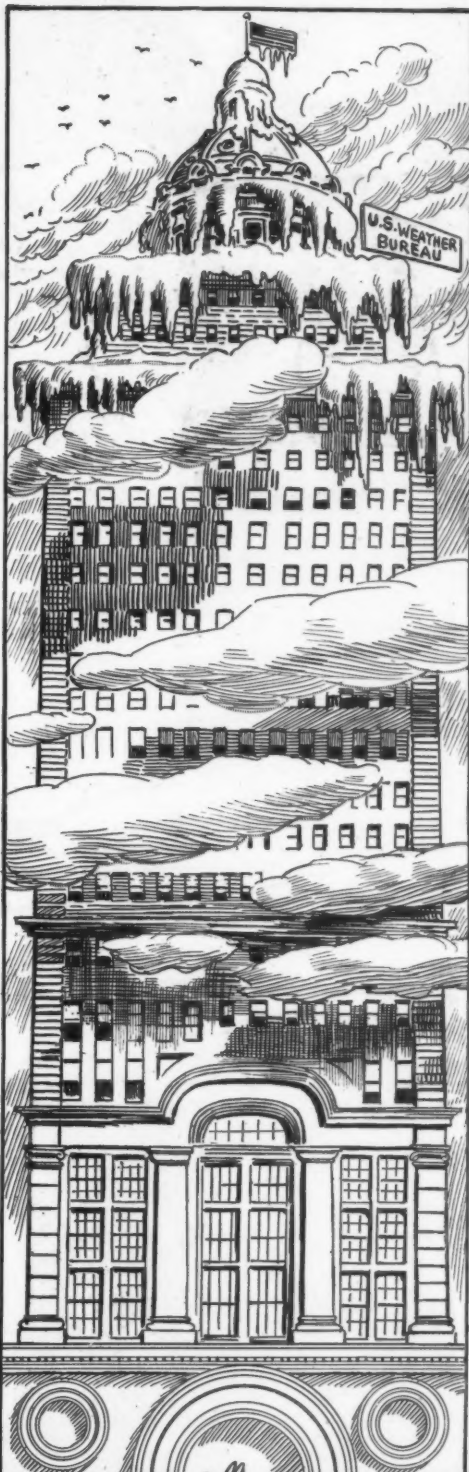
WHEN CONGRESS FINALLY ADJOURNED.

HOME-COMING CONGRESSMAN.—Alas, how the old place has changed since I left it for the extra session!

GOING TO "RUN OVER."

"DELIGHTFUL day, isn't it?" said Mrs. Fribble to Mrs. Chatterly, at Mrs. Van Slamm's "four-to-six" function. "I only hope that it will be as pleasant three weeks from to-day, for that is the day we have set to sail for Liverpool, and— You did n't know that we were going? Well, we have said almost nothing about it, but we have really decided to go. We have meant to for several seasons, but one thing and another has prevented until— Yes, it will be our first trip over, but I am sure that it will not be our last, although I don't want to get the traveling fever and be on the go all of the time like— O, Mrs. Giddyboy, how glad I am to see you! I was wondering this morning if I could find time to return your call before we went over. We sail three weeks from to-day, and— You heard we were going? So many people seem to know about it, and yet we have for a number of reasons kept it as secret as possible. Goodness knows that we did n't have the slightest wish to advertise it, because— Why, Mrs. Gadderby, how glad I am to see you! I said to my husband this morning that we really ought to run around and see you some evening before we run over to Europe, and— Yes, indeed, we sail three weeks from to-day, and— Yes, our first trip over, but I assure you that it will not be our last, although I don't want to catch the traveling fever, and— O, Mrs. Fulsome, I was sure that I would find you here! I met a friend of yours yesterday who is going over on the same boat with us, and— You saw in the paper that we were going over this summer? You *did*? Dear me, how these newspaper reporters do get hold of everything! Isn't it annoying? We really did n't care to have it known that we were going over, and I have n't said anything about it to anyone, and— Yes, our first trip over! We have thought of going so many summers, and once we were on the very point of engaging our staterooms when— O, Mrs. Willerton, so glad to see you, and— yes, I know that I have owed you a call for ages, and I have really meant to run in and see you, but we have been so busy this spring, and now that we are going over this summer and will sail in only three weeks I really don't know when— You did n't know that we were planning to go over? No one has known it until very recently. I did n't really care to mention it, and— O, what is that you are saying about seasickness, Mrs. Gableton? Please, please, please don't mention anything of that kind, for I get seasick so easily, and you know we are going over in only three weeks, and— O, there is Mrs. DeVere! I really must speak to her a minute! How do you do, Mrs. DeVere? I saw you leaving and I thought I must come and say good-by. You know we are going to run across to Europe in three weeks, and I may not see you again until we return. So many little last things to attend to when one plans to run over, you know, and— O, thank you! If I can only escape *mal de mer* I know I shall enjoy it tremendously, but I am a very poor sailor; our staterooms are located where they say we will be least likely to feel the motion of the vessel, and you know these great modern ocean liners are so— Why, Mrs. De Montague! Have I or have I not heard that you are going over this summer? It seemed to me that some one told me you were, and I was hoping that you would be going over on

NEWS FROM ABOVE.



"What's the matter? Y'ain't hot, are you? Why, the Weather Bureau says it's only 28° to-day!"

the same vessel on which we sail in three weeks, and— You haven't thought of going? Then I must have confused you with some one else. How delightful if you really *were* going, and could run over on the same vessel with us! I do hope that— You going, Mrs. Lafevre? Well, good-by. I doubt if I see you until the autumn because, you know, we are going to take a little run over to Europe, and— You did n't know? Well, we really are not saying anything about it, but we are going. We have— What is that, Belleville? Your sister is going over this summer? I wonder if she is going on the *Sultana*? That is the boat we are going over on, and— Yes, our very first trip over, but not our last I am sure, although I have no wish to become a globe-trotter. Of course we feel that we must run over now and then, and— There is Mrs. Witherton! There is something I want to ask her before I run over, and I don't suppose I will have a chance to see her again. Excuse me, dear!"

Max Merryman.

MUH!

NO SKALD has swatted from his harp
A chirp announcing I am wise;
No Critic, trained to kick and carp,
My faults has tried to advertise.

No Bard has landed on his lyre,
And yanked an inspiration forth
For them who gathered to admire,
Announcing my immortal worth.

As I remarked, no Sagamore
Has waked the tom-tom's subtle plunk,
No Prophet yelled at Fame: "Hey, Fore!"
On my account. Ah no, it's punk!

So, I have got my jewsharp out,
And tuned her up, to start alone
And tell folks what I know about
The reasons why I should be known.

So when you hear those ancient guys
That wear the bay-leaves on their brow
Commence to yell and advertise
That something extra's doing now,

You'll know that they have just got hep
That little Willie's in the game,
And Me, while my companions slep',
Has placidly eloped with Fame!

Philip L. Gray.

INFINITE.

A WOMAN smoked a cigarette, and made thereby a sensation.
Such a sensation, in fact, that shortly another woman was smoking, and then another.

But as more and more women smoked the sensation they made grew less and less, until at length they made no sensation at all.

That ended it.
"Well, what next?" quoth womankind, for age could not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.

LITERATURE.

WILLIS.—Do you think our young people are losing their taste for literature?

GILLIS.—Gracious, no! You ought to see those kids of mine fight for the comic supplement every Sunday.



VILLANELLE.
GEE! But my life is gay!
 (Gay is no name for it)
 Now that my wife's away.
 Chairs with the dust are gray,
 Dishes are grime and grit—
 Gee! But my life is gay!
 The house is in disarray
 (As a housekeeper I'm a hit)
 Now that my wife's away.
 I'm bored when I chance to stray
 Where all of the lights are lit—
 Gee! But my life is gay!
 I don't seem to like a play
 Or care for a vaudeville skit,
 Now that my wife's away.
 She wants me to join her. Say!
 But I'll get on the train and flit.
 Gee! But my life is gay
 Now that my wife's away!
Berton Braley.

THE JACK OF HEARTS.

THE best show ever given by the Apple Valley Agricultural Fair Association was going on, and the frolicking haymakers of Campbellton, Chattinville, Searsham, Savoy, and Lithia were gathered for the "big day"—the one on which the band was to be heard, the cattle prizes announced, and the candidates to chortle the "If you elect me" chorus.

The happiest man in the crowd was hard to find, for he was n't doing any back-slapping and had no blue ribbons beckoning to him from the stalls. He had unloaded enough toilet soap wrapped in dollar bills to wash the foot of the mountaineer where the Fair Grounds stood, and was twice as rich as when he started.

"It's comin' so soft I hate to break away," he mused, bestowing a look of contemptuous gratitude at the shorn flock of soil-stirrers.

"If I only had some more junk to peddle," he thought, "I'd have 'em stealing from their wives. Anyway, I'll buy me a bigger stone than that," lifting his jeweled finger for an ocular caress. An unlighted cigar was gripped between his fingers, and the sight of the fireless weed led him to seek a match. The first pocket into which he thrust his hand contained a deck of cards.

"Nothin' like it," he observed, running over the pack to be sure of a full count. Ten minutes later he had a fair-sized group splattered all over with his conversational sedative. Others were coming on. When at last about fifty fertile friends had gathered, he got down to business.

"Bet you one dollar even that I cut the ace of diamonds," he said, "and let anybody shuffle that wants to." No takers. "Bet you two dollars to one dollar I do it." Grins, but no money. "Bet you five to one."

"I'll take yer," spoke up the agent for farm implements and men's furnishings. Three years ago he had bought Houdini's book on magic.

Almost every gazing Granger present would have given the same odds that their fellow-

CONVINCING APPEAL.



SHYSTER LAWYER.—This man, gentlemen of the jury, is accused of robbing the plaintiff of \$10,000. But is it likely that, had he done so, he'd be as we see he is! Look at him —



"— Without even a shirt to his back!"

citizen had been stung. But he had n't. The stranger had cut the nine of spades.

"Whoopee!" yelled the Ashfield boys, who had been tossing their money at the canes.

Three more bets for the same amount were made and lost by the professional. It seemed as though the course of currency had shifted toward the Home Savings Bank.

"Well, my friends," said the plucky plunger, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I've just got one hundred dollars left, and I'll bet that even that I cut the jack of hearts."

There was a rush to make a pool that would meet this, and ten men came across with ten dollars, whereupon the stakes were deposited with the postmaster of Williamstown.

"Who's going to mix 'em up?" asked the man who stood ready to lose everything.

"Lem Hatch!" shouted at least a dozen.

Mr. Hatch, the sage of Savoy, keeper of the sawmill and sealer of weights and measures shuffled with due deliberation. In fact, he was so slow that several impatient ones called out: "O, hurry up!" Lem passed over the deck.

"You said there was one cut comin' to me," I believe," declared the person from the big city, "and I'm to cut the jack of hearts?"

"Yes!" roared back the crowd.

Drawing forth an open-bladed infant dirk, the card-sharp plunged it through the entire pack.

"There! I've cut 'em all," he laughed. "Give me the two hundred."

There might have been a riot had not some of the financial daredevils shown an appreciation of the faker's humor. They had been buncoed by a good trick and would stand for it.

"Just a minute, Mr. Postmaster," spoke up Lem Hatch.

"Did n't I cut the cards? What's the matter with you?" retorted the jubilant winner.

"You did, all but the jack of hearts," said Lem. "But it so happens that I held on to that for luck."

L. D. G. Bentley.

RUBAIYAT OF THE EX-FAN.

MYSELF, when young, did eagerly frequent
The Baseball Park, where pleasant Hours I spent
In hurling Bottles, Rocks, and other Junk,—
At emptying to destroy the Umpire Gent.

One day the Umpire person threw a Fit;
They called a Cab, and threw him into It.
Then unto me the Manager did yell:
"Say, Kiddo, wilt thou Umpire?" *And I bit!*

Whereat, some one of the loquacious Lot
At my first rank Decision waxed hot,
And to his Fellow Criminals did shout:
"Let 's kill the crooked Geezer on the Spot!"

With them the Seeds of Wisdom did I sow;
I tried to bluff,—but could n't make it go;
And when the Smoke and Dust had cleared away
I found myself and Shoulder-blade *de trop*.

A Book of Verses, underneath the Bough,
Is all the Sport my Doctors will allow,
And when wild Fans approach me I declare
I never cared for Baseball anyhow.

Harve Parsons.

HOTEL PIAZZA GOSSIP IN 1930.

MRS. OFTENWED.—Who is that going by in the big red touring-car?
Was n't it Mrs. Justwedd? I thought it was she, and I know
where she is going. She told me last night that she meant to run
into the city to-day and get a divorce from Justwedd. They have
been married three weeks, and she says she finds him very disappoint-
ing. He left yesterday to propose to the girl who was bridesmaid at his
last wedding. Where is your husband this morning?

MRS. WEDDYNGBELL.—He's off golfing with Teddy Thricewedd.

MRS. OFTENWED.—I might have known it without asking. Such
a craze he has for golf! He was on the golf links three-fourths of the
time when he was my husband, and one reason I got a divorce from
Teddy Thricewedd was that he seemed to care more for golf than for



A TRYING SITUATION.

THE KID.—Hully Gee! Now wot would Raffles or Jimmie
Valentine do in a case like dis, I wonder?

me. There goes Jessica Orangebud and Jack down for a bath. One
reason Jack and I never got along very well when he was my husband
was that he wanted to spend the entire summer at the seashore where
he could bathe every day, and I wanted to spend half of the time in the
mountains. But Jessica told me yesterday that Jack was head over
heels in love with that dashing western widow who arrived three days
ago, and he is going up to town at the end of the week and send her
down a divorce. I hope he will register it, or make a special delivery
letter of it, and save poor Jessica all the delay and annoyance poor
Mrs. Tenthusband had two weeks ago when her husband went up to
town and sent her a divorce in the regular mail and it went astray and
she had to put off her wedding to that Montana millionaire three
whole days until that bothersome divorce arrived.

MRS. WEDDYNGBELL.—How horrid! It was something like that
when I was divorced from Ned Dashaway—
or was it Jerry Spendthrift? I forget
which one it was. Anyhow, the Judge
got sick of a sudden, and the divorce
had n't come when all of the guests
had arrived at the church for my
wedding to Bryce Fastmann. Of
course I could n't put off the
affair, and we went right ahead
with the ceremony. You know
that there is some sort of a new
law now that makes it allowable
to get married again without an
actual divorce in case of real emer-
gency. You can get the divorce
afterward. Lutie Dasher told me
that she was married four times
before she got her divorce from
her first husband, and—O,
good-morning, Mrs. Speeder! It
is Mrs. Speeder now, is n't it? It
was Mrs. Smartly when I saw you
on Monday, but I think you told
me that you were to get your bill
yesterday and be married to Mr.
Speeder last night. You got it all
right? Congratulations! I think
you will like Speeder. He's a real
good fellow. Don't you think so,
Mrs. Oftenwed?

MRS. OFTENWED.—O yes, I
liked him very well when he was
my husband. I forget what we dis-
agreed about. I believe he did n't
like the way I wore my hair. Let's
run into the office and see who was
divorced and married yesterday. You
know they post a list of the names in the
hotel office every day about this hour.
It's awfully interesting!
M. W.



NOW HE WISHES HE HAD "SEEN AMERICA FIRST."

Oratory still survives among us as a development of the commercial possi-
bilities of sound and fury.

HER HUSBAND SAID.



WANT to get a ticket for Springfield by way of Ridleyville, where I change cars, don't I?"

"No, madam; you change cars at——"

"Why, my husband said that I changed at Ridleyville, and he travels a good deal, so he ought to know.

I never knew a man so well informed in regard to trains and where you change cars and all that, and he said that I changed at Ridleyville, and——"

"Well, you do not. You change at Sherbonville, a short distance beyond Ridleyville."

"Well, that is strange! I know perfectly well that my husband said that I changed at Ridleyville, and I hope that you are not mistaken in regard to the matter, for—— What is the price of the ticket?"

"Three dollars and sixty-five cents."

"Well, that is strange! My husband said that the fare was about three dollars, and he has gone over the road a great many times and ought to know. You sure that the fare is three-sixty-five?"

"Sure."

"Well, I know that my husband said the fare would not be over three dollars, and it is very strange that it should be so much more than that. As I say, my husband has traveled all over this road and is in a position to be informed regarding rates. I suppose that I will have to pay three-sixty-five if that is the rate, but my husband will know it if there is a mistake, and he—— What time does the train go?"

"At ten-thirty."

"Why, my husband said that it went at ten twenty-five. He looked it up and——"

"The time was changed yesterday, madam."

"Well, I hope that there is no mistake about it; but then, as it is now only a quarter after ten I suppose I have plenty of time no matter when the train goes. Are there parlor-cars on this train?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why, my husband said that there was a parlor-car on this train, and I know that when his aunt, who lives in Ridleyville, came to visit us a year or two ago she had a parlor-car. I am sure of it because she is very much of an invalid—or at least she thinks that she is, although,



"FINE FEATHERS DON'T ALWAYS MAKE FINE BIRDS."

just between ourselves, she is not half as much of an invalid as she thinks she is. She is one of those women who imagine a great many things, and she will never make an effort. I feel sure that if—— anyhow, she had a parlor-car because I remember that she lost a book she took on the car with her and she always thought that the porter took it, but she had no proof of it, and my husband said that—— You sure that there is no parlor-car on this train?"

"Sure, ma'am."

"Well, I know that my husband said that—— From what track does the train start?"

"Track nine."

"Why, my husband said that it left from track ten, and he ought to know for he—— What time do we get to Ridleyville?"

"About noon, or a little later."

"Why, my husband said that we get there about half-past eleven. As I say, my husband has traveled all up and down this road and he knows every mile of it. It seems strange that he should tell me one thing and you another. I know that he went to Ridleyville three or four years ago and stayed between trains with a distant relative of mine, a kind of a third or a fourth cousin, a very nice old lady she was—a real saint if ever there was one on this earth. She died a year ago last spring and my husband and I were going to the funeral, but the day we got word that she had passed away two of our children came down with the measles and of course we had to stay home, but I know that—— Let me see, what was I saying? Anyhow, I know that my husband said that—— Will you have the goodness not to try to push me away from the window, madam? I cannot help it if there are a dozen others in line! I have to get my ticket all the same. I know that my husband said that—— Well, if you are not polite to push me away from the window like that! I shall speak to the proper official about this. My husband said——"

Max Merryman.



GIVING IT TO HIM.

HIRAM (trying to get at the question).— I-I-I think as how you oughter give me a little encouragement, Sary!

SARAH (slyly).—Are you sure it ain't courage you need, Hiram?

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went tramping away to the west,
 Away to the west as the sun went down.
 Each thought of all fishermen he was the best,—
 Each thought of the fish he'd bring back to
 the town.
 For men *will* fish, and women must wait,
 Though the bait be good and they stay out late.
 Then Ho for the calm waters lying!

Three fishers came wandering back to the town,
 Back home to the town in the morning light.
 Each one, disappointed, is wearing a frown,
 For they have n't caught any, though one had a bite;
 And the few that they carry of boys have been bought;
 But think of the big ones they all might have caught,
 And hark to the three fishers lying!

Walter G. Doty.

AND SHE COULDN'T.

SHE was a blonde, and he had always dreamed that the one woman would be a brunette. She was only eighteen, and he had always thought of his ideal as being about twenty-three. She had told him that she knew nothing of cooking, and he had always said that his bride-to-be must know this art. And yet, as they sat together in the hammock on that moonlit evening, he could not deny but that there was something about this little girl that drew her to him.

A COMPLETE SYNOPSIS.

WHY must the synopsis of a story always be confined to the "preceding chapters." A synopsis of the "succeeding chapters" would make a better hit. For instance:

THE LURE OF THE LOON.

By O. ALONZO.

Synopsis of Succeeding Chapters.

The author becomes more vague. John Sumone, the hero, becomes more deeply im-

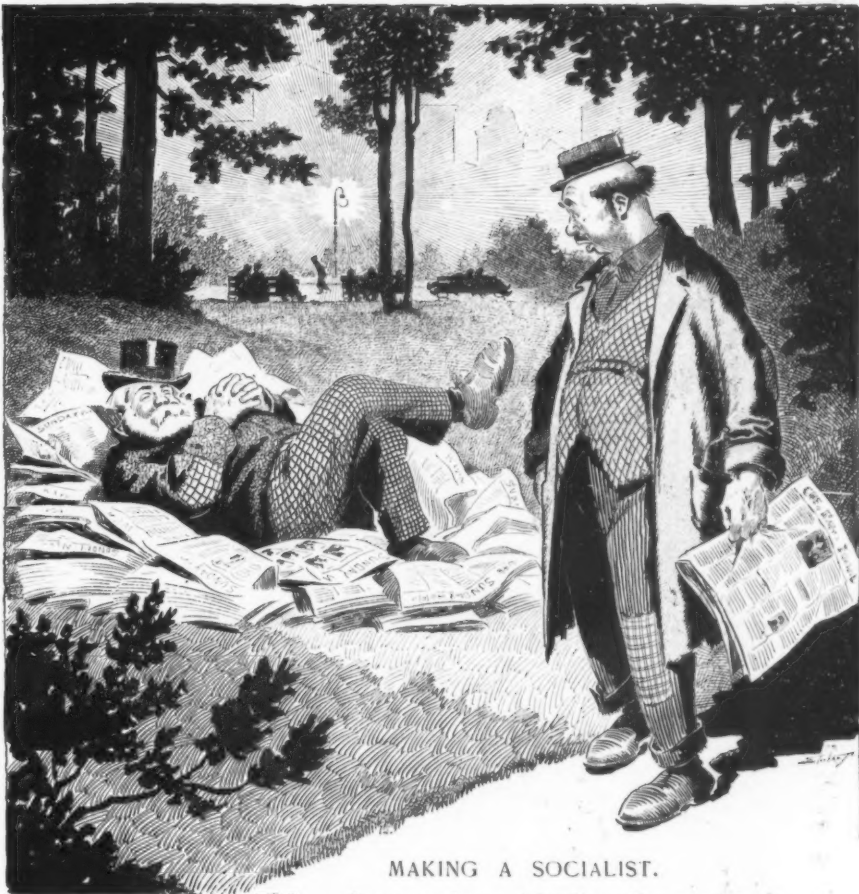
mersed in the trouble which has had him gurgling since the opening chapter as it frisked about his neck. In the meantime, while the hero is struggling alone with his trouble, and is nearly lost in the story's general haze, the author airs his views concerning suffrage, socialism, etc. The publishers have had the aforesaid air thoroughly fumigated, so the reader may have no fear as he plunges madly onward.

At the twentieth chapter the heroine receives a proposal of marriage from the hero. There is much mush. She finally says "Yes," provided the deep, dark, fell secret of the hero's life is cleared up. More haze for some chapters. Incidentally the publishers wish to remark that they do not think any more highly of this serial than the reader. But the author has *some* name, owing to his first success, which no one expects him to repeat. The publication of this serial is merely a talking point by means of which new suckers—er—subscribers may be gathered into the net. The mystery about the hero is finally cleared up. He is his father's son! The rest of the characters then proceed to live happily ever afterward. Frank H. Williams.



NOT KNOCKING SLATTERY.

MRS. COOGAN.—An' the little thing is the devil's own image of his father.
 MRS. SLATTERY.—Yis, but I don't moind that so much so long as he kapes hiltly.



MAKING A SOCIALIST.

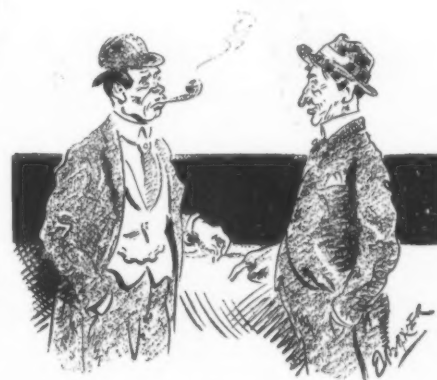
PARKSEAT PETER (*gloomily*).—How unevenly de wealth uv de woild is divided! Dere's a pampered pet o' fortune wit' a hull Sunday noospoiper fer a bed, and here's me doomed to flop on a four-sheet "Extry!"

FEMININE FINANCE.

GRAMERCY.—What! You paid sixty dollars a dozen for stockings?
 MRS. GRAMERCY.—Don't be angry, dear; I wasn't extravagant. I bought only half-a-dozen.

THIS SCIENTIFIC AGE.

LIVES of burglars all remind us
 We can make our lives in vain,
 And departing leave behind us
 Thumb-prints on the window-pane.



SENTIMENT.

SNEAK-THIEF.—If yer so hard up, w'y doncher pawn yer watch-chain?
 SECOND-STORY MAN.—I don't like ter—it belonged ter me fambly!
 SNEAK-THIEF.—Fambly! G'wan!
 SECOND-STORY MAN.—Straight I'm givin yer —swiped it frum me gran'pop!

Plenty of women, no doubt, would be glad to know better, only for the risk of looking old enough to do so.



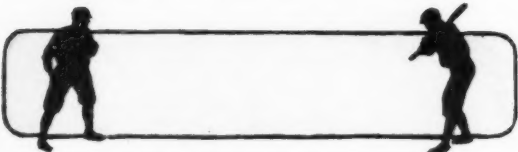
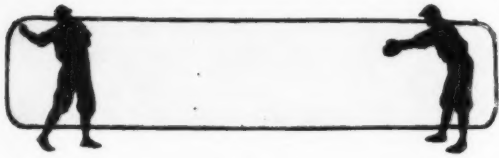
THE ROCK MOUNTAIN
America's Knight, the World's Challenger.



PUCK

PUCK

In the Baseball Spotlight.



VIII.—SHERWOOD MAGEE, OF PHILADELPHIA, ANOTHER MAN WHO "CAME BACK."

DISQUALIFIED.

DANIEL entered the den jauntily and confronted the lions with all the air of being master of the situation. "Have you been asked to lecture on the Chautauqua circuit?" he asked.

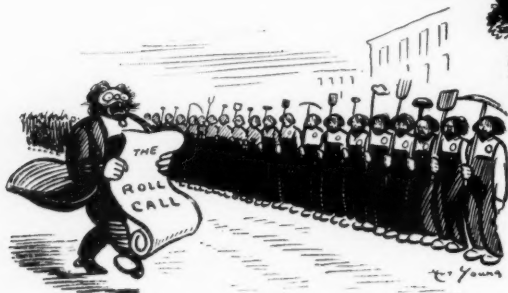
The beasts, visibly disconcerted, admitted that they had not.

"Or so much as invited to address a woman's club?"

No, not even that.

"That is to say"—with this the prophet bent upon them a severe look—"you are not, in the larger sense, lions at all!"

Naturally, following so crushing an exposure, they could not easily summon the face to devour him.



A REGENERATE VIEW.

TIME was when I was quick to hail
The lure of mist and moon,
And sought with joy the verdant vale,
With rambling flowers bestrewn;
I praised the sunset and the dawn,
And scorned a pose pedantic;
But all that mawkishness has gone—
I loathe the word "romantic."

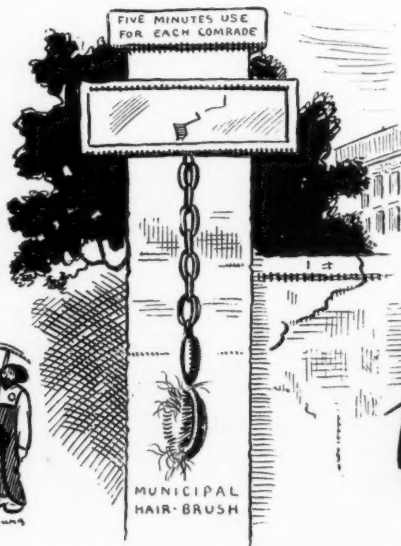
I used to look with kindly eye
On summer-house and nook,
Beneath the trees I liked to lie,
I liked the purring brook.
A lake or stream with waters blue
Was once my admiration;
But thoughts of two in a cancé
Are now abomination.

I cannot stand the silly youth
Who haunts the summer shore;
His vapid nonsense, of a truth,
Must prove a tiresome bore.
I know I used to be the same
And thought myself in clover;
But, thank the Lord, that senseless game
Is now quite safely over.

'T is not that age has clipped my wings,
'T is not dyspepsia's bane,
It's not that new-found wisdom brings
A viewpoint safe and sane;
To be quite frank, this change of face
Is purely incidental—
My Chloe's at a summer place,
And Chloe's sentimental. Q.

HE LOVED HER.

HE loved her. There was no doubt about that. Anyone could have told that by the way he looked at her. There was no doubt about the joy and pride which was his now that he had her for his own. He had sought her—O, how vigilantly he had sought her, and how long! The thought of parting with her was bitter to him—O, how bitter! She was good; there was no doubt about that. She was fair—What? At any rate, she would pass, and that was all that was necessary. She was precious, she was worth her weight in gold. No wonder he adored her and cherished her—the Goddess of Liberty on an American Dollar.



SOCIALISM ILLUSTRATED:

WHAT IT IS, ACCORDING TO THOSE WHO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT.



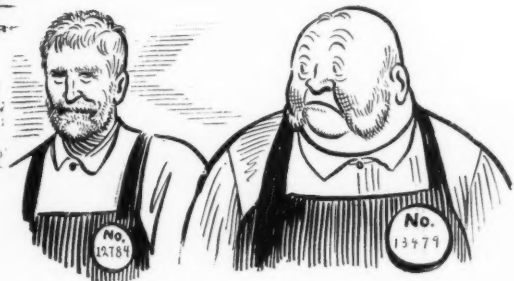
WEEK BEGINNING SEPTEMBER FOURTH.

- Academy of Music, 14th St. and Irving Place. Stock Company in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
- American, 42d St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville. All-Star Acts. Evenings 8:15.
- Astor, Bway and 45th St. "Seven Days" Evenings 8:15.
- Broadway, 41st and Bway. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks." Evenings 8:15.
- Casino, Bway and 39th. Star revival of "Pinafore." Evenings 8:15.
- Century, 62d St. and 8th Av. "The Garden of Allah." Dramatized from the novel by Robert Hichens. Evenings 8:15.
- Cohan's, Bway and 43d St. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.
- Colonial, Bway and 62d St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.
- Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.
- Criterion, Bway and 44th. John Hyams and Leila McIntyre in "The Girl of My Dreams," a new musical play. Evenings 8:15.
- Empire, Bway and 40th St. John Drew in the new comedy "A Single Man," by H. H. Davies. Evenings 8:15.
- Folies Bergère, 46th St. and Bway. Musical Revue and Cabaret Show, "Hello Paris!" Evenings 8:15.
- Gaiety, 46th and Bway. "Excuse Me." A Pullman Carnival. Evenings 8:15.
- Globe, Bway and 46th St. Valeska Suratt in "The Red Rose," a new musical comedy. Evenings 8:15.
- Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. "Madame Sherry," with Lina Abarbanell. Evenings 8:15.
- Harris, 42d St. W. of Bway. Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper." Evenings 8:20.
- Hippodrome, 6th Av., 43d & 44th Sts. "Around the World," spectacle in seventeen scenes. Evenings 8:15.
- Hudson, 44th St. and Bway. Frank McIntyre in "Snobs," a new comedy by George Bronson-Howard. Ev'gs 8:15.
- Irving Place Theatre, Irving Place and 15th St. John Kellard and Stock Company in repertoire of English plays. Evenings 8:15.
- Jardin de Paris, the New York Theatre Roof Garden. "Ziegfeld Real Follies of 1911."
- Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees Evenings 8:15.
- Knickerbocker, Bway and 38th St. "The Siren," a new musical comedy, with Donald Brian. Evenings 8:15.
- Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15.
- Lyceum, Bway and 45th St. "Thy Neighbor's Wife," a new three-act comedy by Elmer Harris. Evenings 8:30.
- Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Everywoman," a modern Morality. Evenings 8:20.
- Manhattan Opera House, 34th St. and 8th Av. "The Deep Purple." Evenings 8:15.
- Maxine Elliott's, 30th St. E. of Bway. Henrietta Crosman in "The Real Thing," a new comedy. Evenings 8:15.
- New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy de luxe founded on "La Satyre."
- Playhouse, 48th St. E. of Bway. Douglas Fairbanks in "A Gentleman of Leisure." Evenings 8:30.
- Thirty-ninth Street, 30th nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15.
- Victoria Theatre, 42d St. and Bway. Hammerstein's All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.
- Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. "Pomander Walk," Parker's "Comedy of Happiness." Evenings 8:20.
- West End, 125th St. Robert Mantell in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
- Winter Garden, Bway and 30th St. Gertrude Hoffmann and "La Saison des Ballets Russes." Evenings 8:15.

LOCATED.

WILLIS.—What became of the fellow who constructed the watch with ten thousand separate pieces?

GILLIS.—I think I've got one of his automobiles now.



citizen
article
their
added
bother
was
hated
solic
the m
an ev
popul
to do
office
cry is
Here
expec
"cous
matri
for li
called
good
mark
most
I eve



"WHAT YOU DON'T SEE WON'T HURT YOU!"

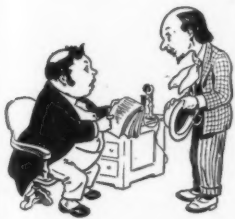
SUPPORTING THE BALL TEAM.

"I ONCE knew a village editor," grimly remarked the Old Codger, "who was such a quaint man, along with being such a grouch, that he printed the plain truth every little while, which naturally made him thoroughly detested by the majority of his fellow-citizens. On one occasion when he discovered in an exchange the usual article roasting the town in which the sheet was printed for not supporting their local baseball team, he copied the diatribe, giving due credit, and added below: 'Note—Why in thunder should three thousand busy people bother themselves to please nine worthless men?' Although the remark was good enough to go in a copy-book, it made him more cordially hated than ever.

"All over the land worthy people are being picked on, harangued, solicited and bullied and screamed at in an endeavor to make them support the ball team in its various guises. Most great civic movements with misleading titles. The man with an axe to grind, disguise it under whatever caption he may, has another ball team for us to support. Every bore on earth insists that we drop all else and support his particular brand of ball team. Then the prominent society leaders desire to raise a fund to preserve a tottering shack that is dimly suspected of being one of Washington's numerous birthplaces, or the sacred spot where Balboa socked his left foot in the mud—that's the same old ball team in a different uniform. If an evangelist swoops down on us, or a piano is to be voted to the most popular young lady, or a bunch of intellectual folks with nothing else to do get up a Chautauqua, or some flap-mouthed reformer runs for office, we are forthwith called upon to support the ball team. The cry is forever going up that 'All good citizens should assist in——.' Here insert the name of the particular graft that that you are expected to fall for at that time.

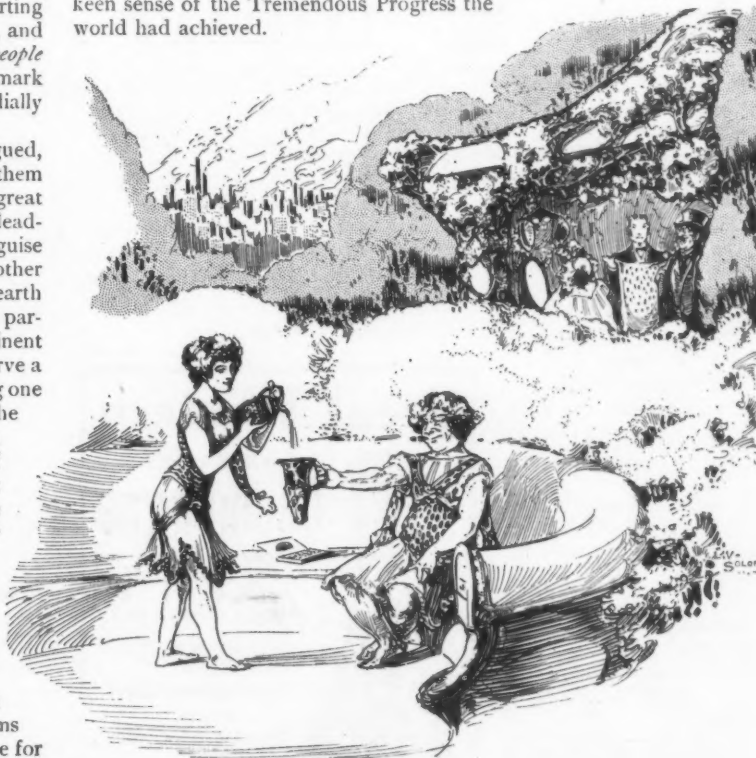
"I suspect your son-in-law of being, and I know my second-cousin, Osmond is, a ball team. When some men adventure into matrimony they are merely pledging themselves to support a ball team for life. Many earnest, old-fashioned women are supporting ball teams called missionaries. The concert gotten up to help us acquire a taste for good music is a ball team. Some of our most famous statesmen look markedly like ball teams. And—— Well, as I say, that editor was the most liberally hated man in the region, but for all that he was the best feller I ever knew to go fishing with."

Tom P. Morgan.



ICE.

THE Ultimate Consumer regarded with curious interest the Wet Spot which alone remained to testify that the ice-wagon had just now been That Way. "Is it not wonderful that they can make artificial ice which will take the place of the natural article so perfectly!" he exclaimed. And with Emotion, too, such as betokened a keen sense of the Tremendous Progress the world had achieved.



A HINT TO THE AFFLUENT.

WHY NOT CARRY THE ITALIAN GARDEN IDEA A LITTLE FURTHER AND RECEIVE YOUR FRIENDS IN THIS MANNER?

If you can't contrive to be a star, make up your mind that you won't be a mere cloud.

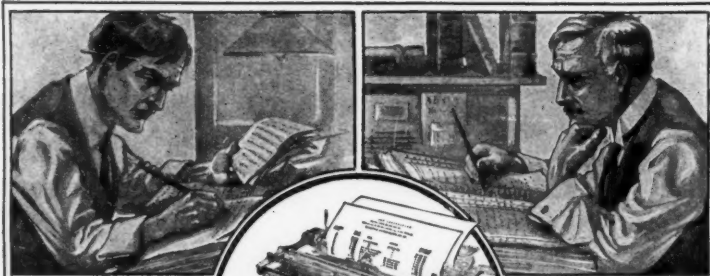
SARTORIAL FROG-POND.

The frog-pond had dried up to a mere puddle, when two frogs met who had not seen each other since the merry days of spring.

"I hardly recognized you," said the one who had been hailed. "You've changed since I saw you in the spring."

"Of course I have," answered the other. "I was only a tadpole then."

"Ah, that accounts for it. It does make a remarkable difference, does n't it—changing from the hobble to the harem skirt."—*Boston Traveler.*



No More
Hand
Writing

No More
Head
Calculating

Both are eliminated by the
Remington
Adding and Subtracting Typewriter
(Wahl Adding Mechanism)

The machine which reduces every operation of writing and calculating to a mechanical labor saving basis.

VISIBLE
WRITING

Illustrated
booklet
sent on
request

VISIBLE
ADDING

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

"IT'S A WISE CHILD—"

TOMMY.—Me father gimme dis nickel watch fur me birthday.

JIMMY.—I guess my Pop's goin' ter gimme one like dat, too.

TOMMY.—Did he say so?

JIMMY.—No; he said he was goin' ter gimme a gold one.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

RETURNING to the club after a week or two in the country, the old member looked around the dining-room for his own particular waiter.

"Where's James?" he asked the steward. "Not defunct, I hope."

"That's just wot 'e 'as done, sir," replied the steward, "with every blessed thing 'e could lay 'is 'ands on."—*Pink 'Un.*

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanitarium, Dept. 59 St. Joseph, Mo

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
USE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE, EFFECTIVE. 50c. & \$1.00
DRUGGISTS, or 93 Henry St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ON VIEW.

"I hear they have a family skeleton."

"Yes; she was in the surf this morning."—*Courier-Journal.*

Great Western
EXTRA DRY
Champagne

The only American Champagne awarded a Gold Medal at the following Foreign Expositions:

- Paris Exposition, 1867 France
- Paris Exposition, 1889 France
- Paris Exposition, 1900 France
- Vienna Exposition, 1873 Austria
- Bruxelles Exposition, 1897 Belgium
- Bruxelles Exposition, 1910 Belgium



Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

Oldest and Largest Champagne Producers in America
Rehms New York

Wherever quality gathers—

White Rock
"THE WORLD'S BEST TABLE WATER"



LOANS BY LONG DISTANCE.

Ernest Schayer, a young New Yorker, has a hospitable heart and a handsome apartment fitted up with all modern conveniences, among which is a telephone at the side of his bed. His last guest was a young fellow who "just dropped in for a few days," and who stayed much longer. Schayer, who had begun to wonder when the visit would end, returned to the apartment early one afternoon, and heard his guest, who was still lying in bed, make the following remarks:

"Central, get me Chicago, number so-and-so. Hello, Sam! This is Jack. Say, Sam, can you send me twenty by special delivery? I'm stuck in New York without a cent. Haven't got it? That's too bad. Good-by. Hello, Central; get me Indianapolis, number so-and-so. Hello, George! Say, can you send me thirty? I'm marooned in New York. Can't spare it? Sorry. Good-by. Hello, Central; get me St. Louis, number so-and—"

At that point Schayer rushed into the bedroom and grabbed the telephone. "After you've talked enough long-distance to cost me forty dollars I'll lend you the twenty!" shouted the host, in great agitation.

"Fine!" exclaimed the guest. "I knew you would, but I was ashamed to ask you for it. That's the reason I was calling up those other fellows."—*Popular Magazine.*



EASY WORK.

"We've got athletes over in the States who can run forty miles and then jump an eight-barred gate."

"Well, my dear man, so they ought to with a run like that!"

—*The Tatler.*

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"THE Malays have a queer marriage custom," remarked the traveler. "The groom holds his nose against a small cylindrical object. I couldn't quite make out what it was."

"A grindstone, probably," interposed Mr. Grouch.—*Kansas City Times.*



When you pay less for tobacco you get less.

Philip Morris

English Mixture and Cut Plug

Costs \$2.00 the pound in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 tins. Do you smoke quantity or quality? With quality there is no desire for quantity—and think of the added enjoyment quality smoking carries with it.

If your dealer does not stock these tobaccos send us his name and address with 25c for trial 2 oz. tin of either brand.

Philip Morris & Co., Ltd. 402 W. Broadway New York



"I. W. HARPER"

Whiskey

Has stood the test of time and won universal popular approval. Oldest and most famous in the world.

LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KY.

AFTER A BIG HAUL.

"Binks used to be daft on the subject of buried treasure. What's he up to now?"

"He's got up an expedition to Asia Minor to try to find the place where Methuselah stored his birthday presents." — *Toledo Blade.*

THAT SERVANT.

"Mary, you may bring on the plates."

"Yes'm. Mrs. Jones's or Mrs. Smith's, mum?" — *Baltimore Evening Sun.*

Pears'

A soap is known by the company it keeps. Pears' is found in good society, everywhere.

The use of Pears' Soap betokens refinement.

Scented, or not, as you prefer

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

DEFINING HER POSITION.

"Is your husband in favor of the initiative and the referendum?"

"Yes," replied the woman in the sun-bonnet; "and the recall and local option and anything that'll enable him to go to the polls and miss a day's work." — *Washington Star.*

BETTER YET.

BACON. — And is not her husband paying her homage?"

EGBERT. — No; alimony! — *Yonkers Statesman.*

BLATZ

MILWAUKEE
Private Stock

THE
FINEST
BEER EVER
BREWED

The
Triangular
Label

means the most
delightful table
beer known to
mankind. Insist
on Blatz—and
see that you get it.

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe
or Buffet. Insist on Blatz.
Correspondence invited direct.



ALWAYS THE SAME GOOD OLD



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

UNFEELING PASSER-BY.—Say, Mister! Are you Fly-fishing or 'Eaving the Lead? — *Punch.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

AN ADAPTABLE NEGRO.

"I have fallen heir to an ancient colored messenger who has a remarkable military record," said Representative Francis of the Fourth Ohio district. "Just as soon as I was assigned to my new office he came in and introduced himself, and to solidify himself further in my regard informed me that he came from 'old Democratic stock.'

"Ah has a fine reckud in duh Confederate army," he said, "'cause Ah went to wah wif mah young mastah an' fit all thu it wif him."

"But," I argued, "if you have such a fine Confederate record, how on earth did you manage to get a job under the Republicans here in the House office building?"

"O, you see, boss, Ah has a Union army reckud, too."

"A Union army record?" I echoed. "How did you get that?"

"Well, hit's lak disaway, cap'n. Long towahd de en' of de wah Ah goes ovah to the Yanks."

"Then you are a turncoat?" I said.

"No, sah. Ah ain't dat," he replied. "Ah was ketched and th' wa'n't no way t' git back to de Confederates. Doan you see, boss, dey ain't no way you kin look at me but what Ah'm a good No'thun er a good S'uthern niggah!" —

Indianapolis News.

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Are You Hungry?

Have you a Craving for
Good Clean Humor?

THEN SUBSCRIBE FOR

Puck

The Foremost Humorous
Weekly of America

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- ☑ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ☑ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ☑ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ☑ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK,
ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

Puck

NEXT WEEK.

Take PUCK and Laugh !!

Copyright 1908 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



HUNGRY.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name.....

Address.....



“Dead Men Tell No Tales!”

No
The n
No
She's
To

CUSTOM
excellent,
you'll have
DRUGS
but the ap
gude Bla



HE



Natio

HE
F
32. 3
BR

VA
are p
ment.
ness a
W.F.

S
at
E
Inc
we
gl
W

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.
The mermaid is a funny girl!
Now, this we know is true:
She's never heard to ask a man
To please tie up her shoe!
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

CUSTOMER.—The poison may be excellent, but the rats won't take it; you'll have to make it more tasty!
DRUGGIST.—I've tried that already, but the apprentice-boys eat it.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

COOK'S
IMPERIAL
EXTRA DRY
AMERICA'S
FAVORITE
CHAMPAGNE
SINCE
1859
Delicious
Flavor—
Exquisite
Bouquet
Served Everywhere



HELLO, BROTHER!



We want you to meet 100,000 good fellows who gather round our "Head Camp" fire once a month and spin yarns about sport with Kodak, Dog, Rifle and Gun.

The NATIONAL SPORTSMAN contains 164 pages crammed full of stories, pictures of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will lure you pleasantly away from your everyday work and care to the healthful atmosphere of woods and fields, where you can smell the evergreens, hear the lullaby of the brook, and see at close range big game and small. Every number of this magazine contains valuable information about hunting, fishing, and camping trips, where to go, what to take, etc. All this for 25c. a copy, or with watch fob, \$1.00 a year. We want you to see for yourself what the National Sportsman is, and make you this

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER
On receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin we will send you this month's National Sportsman and one of our heavy Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c.) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle. Can you beat this?

This month's National Sportsman, regular price 25c. National Sportsman Watch Fob, regular price, 50c.—total value, 75c.

All Yours 25c.
for

Don't Delay—Send TO-DAY!
National Sportsman, Inc., 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.


HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
32, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street, New York.
Branch Warehouse: 20 Beekman Street, New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.
are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp.
W. F. Young, P.D.F.: 423 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing durability to all metals, but the polish it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c. 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c. stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.


Bar Keepers' Friend

Velvet
THE
SMOOTHEST
TOBACCO



Burley tobacco, but Burley de luxe, that's why it pleases the smoker.

10 cents
At all dealers




"PAPA," whispered Johnny, who was in attendance at the Sunday morning services, "why do the people look so sad when they drop their money in that plate?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

LADY IN HOBBLE.—Why, hello, Mary, how are you?
LADY IN HAT.—O, I'm out of sight; how are you?
HOBBLE.—Well, I can't kick.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

THE PUBLICIST'S MISTAKE.
"What this town needs most," said the eminent publicist, "is a thorough cleaning up, about a dozen new bridges, and a first-class subway system."
"You are mistaken," replied the average citizen. "What this town needs most is a good left-handed pitcher."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

NOW IF HE ONLY HAD A BOX OF
Scribner's



ABSOLUTELY THE PUREST AND BEST CANDIES IN THE WORLD

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."



Courtesy of Rock Island Lines.

THE PAINTED CAVE, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND, CAL.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



Hello, Tom! Why this glad morning face? I thought you looked sallow yesterday—as if your liver was upset and your stomach out of order

I did But a bottle of
Red Raven
before breakfast has put me right. It acts on the liver, clears the head, and settles the stomach

everywhere 15c

THE WORST OF IT.

MERCHANT.—It seems to me that you ask high wages, considering that you have had no experience in this business.

CLERK.—Ah, but you forget that that's just what makes it all the harder for me.—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

THE CUSTOMER.—I think these Louis XV. heels are too high. Give me a size smaller, please—or perhaps Louis XIII. even would be high enough.—*The Sketch*.

Puck Proofs
Photogravures from PUCK

Copyright 1908 by Kupper & Schwarzmann



THE FIRST AFFINITY.
By Carl Hassman.
Photogravure in Carbon Black, 12 x 10 1/4 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Sixty Miniature Reproductions

Address PUCK,
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York



CAN YOU GUESS WHY
I AM A GOOD COOK?

Give your guess to the
grocer next time you order
flour and remember —

It's Washburn-Crosby's
care in the selection of
wheat, their washing
and scouring process,
bolting thru silk and
scientific laboratory
work — that brings
the big white loaf
with the golden tinge
to those who use —

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Eventually — Why Not Now?